

- And Godlike *Paris* in th' *Idean* Grove,
 To *Priam's* Wealth prefer'd *Oenone's* Love.
 In Cities which she built, let *Pallas* Reign;
 90 Tow'rs are for Gods, but Forrests for the Swain.
 The greedy *Lyones* the *Wolf* pursues,
 The *Wolf* the *Kid*, the wanton *Kid* the *Browze*:
Alexis thou art chas'd by *Corydon*;
 All follow sev'ral Games, and each his own.
 95 See from afar the Fields no longer smoke,
 The sweating *Steers* unharnass'd from the Yoke,
 Bring, as in Triumph, back the crooked Plough;
 The Shadows lengthen as the Sun goes Low.
 Cool Breezes now the raging Heats remove;
 100 Ah, cruel Heaven! that made no Cure for Love!
 I wish for balmy Sleep, but wish in vain:
 Love has no bounds in Pleasure, or in Pain.
 What frenzy, Shepherd, has thy Soul possess'd,
 Thy Vinyard lies half prun'd, and half undress'd.
 105 Quench, *Corydon*, thy long unanswer'd fire:
 Mind what the common wants of Life require.
 On willow Twigs employ thy weaving care:
 And find an easier Love, tho' not so fair.

The Third Pastoral.

O R,

P A L Æ M O N.

Menalcas, Damætas, Palæmon.

The Argument.

Damætas and Menalcas, after some smart strokes of Country Railery, resolve to try who has the most Skill at a Song; and accordingly make their Neighbour Palæmon Judge of their Performances: Who, after a full hearing of both Parties, declares himself unfit for the Decision of so weighty a Controversie, and leaves the Victory undetermin'd.

M E N A L C A S.

HO, Swain, what Shepherd owns those ragged Sheep?

D A M Æ T A S.

Ægon's they are, he gave 'em me to keep.

M E N A L C A S.

Unhappy Sheep of an Unhappy Swain,
While he *Neera* courts, but courts in vain,
5 And fears that I the Damsel shall obtain;
Thou, Varlet, dost thy Master's gains devour:
Thou milk'st his Ewes, and often twice an hour,
Of Grass and Fodder thou defraud'st the Dams:
And of their Mothers Dugs the starving Lambs.

D A M Æ T A S.

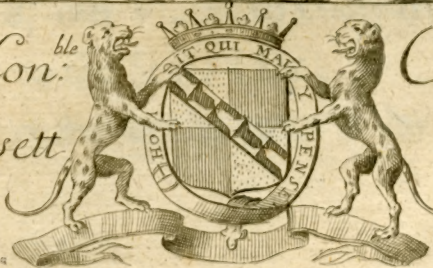
10 Good words, young Catamite, at least to Men:
We know who did your Business, how, and when.
And in what Chappel too you plaid your prize;
And what the Goats observ'd with leering Eyes:
The Nymphs were kind, and laught, and there your safety

(lies.)

M E N.



To the Right Hon.^{ble} Charles Sackvill
 Earle of Dorset & Middlesex Lord
 Chamberlain of his Maj.^{ty} househould &c.



And twice besides her Beestings never fail
To store the Dairy, with a brimming Pail.
Now back your Singing with an equal Stake.

MENALCAS.

- 45 That shou'd be seen, if I had one to make.
You know too well I feed my Father's Flock :
What can I wager from the common Stock ?
A Stepdame too I have, a curst she,
Who rules my Hen-peck'd Sire, and orders me.
50 Both number twice a day the Milky Dams ;
And once she takes the tale of all the Lambs.
But since you will be mad, and since you may
Suspect my Courage, if I should not lay ;
The Pawn I proffer shall be full as good :
55 Two Bowls I have, well turn'd of Beechen Wood ;
Both by divine *Alcimedon* were made ;
To neither of them yet the Lip is laid.
The Lids are Ivy, Grapes in clusters lurk,
Beneath the Carving of the curious Work.
60 Two Figures on the sides emboss'd appear ;
Conon, and what's his Name who made the Sphere, }
And shew'd the Seasons of the sliding Year, }
Instructed in his Trade the Lab'ring Swain,
And when to reap, and when to sow the Grain ?

DAMÆTAS.

- 65 And I have two, to match your pair, at home ;
The Wood the same, from the same Hand they come :
The kimbo Handles seem with Bears-foot c
And never yet to Table have been serv'd :
Where *Orpheus* on his Lyre laments his Love,
70 With Beasts encompass'd, and a dancing Grove :
But these, nor all the Proffers you can make,
Are worth the Heifar which I set to stake.

MENALCAS.

No more delays, vain Boaster, but begin:
I prophecy before-hand I shall win.

75 *Palæmon* shall be Judge how ill you rhyme,
I'll teach you how to brag another time.

DAMÆTAS.

Rhymer come on, and do the worst you can:
I fear not you, nor yet a better Man.

With silence, Neighbour, and Attention wait:
80 For 'tis a business of a high Debate.

PALÆMON.

Sing then; the Shade affords a proper place;
The Trees are cloath'd with Leaves, the Fields with Grass;
The Blossoms blow; the Birds on bushes sing;
And Nature has accomplish'd all the Spring.

85 The Challenge to *Dametas* shall belong,
Menalcas shall sustain his under Song:
Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring;
By turns the tuneful Muses love to sing.

DAMÆTAS.

From the great Father of the Gods above
90 My Muse begins; for all is full of Jove;
To Jove the care of Heav'n and Earth belongs;
My Flocks he blesses, and he loves my Songs.

MENALCAS.

Me *Phæbus* loves; for he my Muse inspires;
And in her Songs, the warmth he gave, requires.
95 For him, the God of Shepherds and their Sheep,
My blushing Hyacinths, and my Bays I keep.

DAMÆTAS.

My *Phyllis* Me with pelted Apples plyes,
Then tripping to the Woods the Wanton hies:
And wishes to be seen, before she flies.

MEN.

MENALCAS.

100 But fair *Amyntas* comes unask'd to me;
And offers Love; and sits upon my knee:
Not *Delia* to my Dogs is known so well as he.

DAMÆTAS.

To the dear Mistress of my Love-sick Mind,
Her Swain a pretty Present has design'd:
105 I saw two Stock-doves billing, and e're long
Will take the Nest, and Hers shall be the Young.

MENALCAS.

Ten ruddy Wildings in the Wood I found,
And stood on tip-toes, reaching from the ground;
I sent *Amyntas* all my present Store;
110 And will, to Morrow, send as many more.

DAMÆTAS.

The lovely Maid lay panting in my arms;
And all she said and did was full of Charms.
Winds on your Wings to Heav'n her Accents bear;
Such words as Heav'n alone is fit to hear.

MENALCAS.

115 Ah! what avails it me, my Love's delight,
To call you mine, when absent from my sight!
I hold the Nets, while you pursue the Prey;
And must not share the Dangers of the Day.

DAMÆTAS.

I keep my Birth-day: send my *Phillis* home;
120 At Sheering-time, *Iolas*, you may come.

MENALCAS.

With *Phillis* I am more in grace than you:
Her Sorrow did my parting-steps pursue:
Adieu my Dear, she said, a long Adieu.

DAMÆTAS.

The Nightly Wolf is baneful to the Fold,
125 Storms to the Wheat, to Budds the bitter Cold;

But

But from my frowning Fair, more Ills I find,
Than from the Wolves, and Storms, and Winter-wind.

MENALCAS.

The Kids with pleasure browse the bushy Plain,
The Show'rs are grateful to the swelling Grain:
130 To teeming Ewes the Sallow's tender tree;
But more than all the World my Love to me.

DAMÆTAS.

Pollio my Rural Verse vouchsafes to read:
A Heyfar, Muses, for your Patron breed.

MENALCAS.

My *Pollio* writes himself, a Bull be bred,
135 With spurning Heels, and with a butting Head.

DAMÆTAS.

Who *Pollio* loves, and who his Muse admires,
Let *Pollio's* fortune crown his full desires.

Let Myrrh instead of Thorn his Fences fill:
And Show'rs of Honey from his Oaks distil.

MENALCAS.

140 Who hates not living *Bavius*, let him be
(Dead *Mævius*) damn'd to love thy Works and thee:
The same ill taste of Sense wou'd serve to joyn
Dog Foxes in the Yoak, and sheer the Swine.

DAMÆTAS.

Ye Boys, who pluck the Flow'rs, and spoil the Spring,
145 Beware the secret Snake, that shoots a sting.

MENALCAS.

Graze not too near the Banks, my jolly Sheep,
The Ground is false, the running Streams are deep:
See, they have caught the Father of the Flock;
Who drys his Fleece upon the neighb'ring Rock.

DAMÆTAS.

150 From Rivers drive the Kids, and sling your Hook;
Anon I'll wash 'em in the shallow Brook.

H

MEN.

MENALCAS.

To fold, my Flock; when Milk is dry'd with heat,
In vain the Milk-maid tugs an empty Teat.

DAMÆTAS.

How lank my Bulls from plenteous pasture come!
155 But Love that drains the Herd, destroys the Groom.

MENALCAS.

My Flocks are free from Love; yet look so thin,
Their bones are barely cover'd with their Skin.
What magick has bewitch'd the woolly Dams,
And what ill Eyes beheld the tender Lambs?

DAMÆTAS.

160 Say, where the round of Heav'n, which all contains,
To three short Ells on Earth our sight restrains:
Tell that, and rise a *Phæbus* for thy pains.

MENALCAS.

Nay tell me first, in what new Region springs
A Flow'r, that bears inscrib'd the names of Kings;
165 And thou shalt gain a Present as Divine
As *Phæbus* self; for *Phyllis* shall be thine.

PALÆMON.

So nice a diff'rence in your Singing lyes,
That both have won, or both deserv'd the Prize.
Rest equal happy both; and all who prove
170 The bitter Sweets, and pleasing Pains of Love.
Now dam the Ditches, and the Floods restrain:
Their moisture has already drench'd the Plain.

The